

# A Woman Surgeon Who Wields the Knife. She Manages a Hospital Exclusively for Women and Performs the Most Difficult Operations.

A woman wielding a surgeon's knife is not a cheerful thing to contemplate. It is difficult not to think that she might better be doing "tattooing."

But there are women surgeons, and good ones, and there will be more.

In all the world, probably, there is not another such institution as the Riverside Hospital, at Buffalo.

It is an establishment which ought to furnish the advocates of woman suffrage with material for a year of unrelenting argument, for it is one of the most striking monuments in existence, to the pluck, perseverance, skill and lofty capabilities of the American woman.

The world, as it goes, has never heard very much of Riverside Hospital. There have been no incredible triumphs of plastic surgery there to make newspaper stories. The women who wield the knife there are not the strolling literature of Roentgen rays.

The most singular thing about Riverside Hospital is that it exists at all, and, next, that it was founded, is owned and conducted by a woman. Its corps of doctors, excepting the three consulting physicians, are women, and so swiftly and so substantially have they wrought upon the very meagre foundations that, in the four years which have elapsed since the hospital was started, it has twice been found necessary to remove to larger quarters and increase the accommodations.

This very worthy hospital owes its existence to the fact that its founders—clever women, doctors both—could not obtain a license in the great city of Buffalo, the hospital training they wanted. It was a woman's rights proposition. And besides wanting a place where they could get practice in advanced surgery, both these women were convinced that Buffalo needed a woman's hospital anyway. They felt sure that the agonies of modesty endured by many sensitive women, whose ailments force them to seek hospital treatment, would be allayed, done away with, if they could be sure of going where they need not be cared for or operated upon by men.

Dr. Lillian Craig Randall and Dr. Mary T. Green, both practicing physicians in Buffalo, reasoned that, by founding a woman's hospital, no matter how small, they would confer a boon on modest womanhood, and at the same time obtain for themselves unlimited experience in gynecological surgery.

The beginning was small. They hired three rooms at No. 2002 Niagara street. These were provided with three iron beds and a cot bed for the nurse. That was late in 1892, but the month of December saw four patients there, and there was a hunt for more room.

A house on the banks of the Niagara River was taken, eight beds set up, and the name of Riverside Hospital fixed upon. This was the staff: Physician in charge, Lillian Craig Randall, M. D.; attending physicians, Montgomery A. Crockett, M. D., gynecologist; James W. Putnam, M. D., neurologist; John Parmenter, M. D., surgeon; Julius H. Potter, M. D.; John C. Thompson, M. D., general medicine. Consultants, Charles G. Stockton, M. D., Electa B. Whipple, M. D., Irving M. Snow, M. D., Grover W. Wende, M. D., Bernard Barrow, M. D., House physician, John J. Cullinan, M. D.

Dr. Randall foresaw long-continued success for her undertaking, and sensibly saw, too, that the prime way to get patients was to have the doctors of the sterner sex send them there. So she made unto herself friends of the mammon of masculinity.

But, more important than that, she bent all her energies to making the new establishment more of a home than a hospital, a place where the best physicians would not hesitate to send their most fastidious patients. The attendance of the house physicians was not insisted upon. A patient could have all the care and comforts of a well-ordered hospital, and still be visited every day by her own physician.

Dr. Randall is not a new woman. She did not attempt to convince people with a rush that women could do hospital work as well as men. She waited for the public to find that out. Soon after the removal to Niagara street, Dr. Green withdrew from the hospital and left the city. Up to that time only two women had been treated at the hospital. The other patients had been sent there.

The next useful addition to the hospital's equipment was a training school for nurses, and now four pupils are studying in the cozy wards there. Their practical experience at the hospital is supplemented by attendance at the clinics of the Buffalo General Hospital.

Riverside's growth has been gradual, but very sure. In the fall of 1894 it was found necessary to have a more centrally located home. At No. 327 Breckinridge street was found a house which would accommodate fifteen patients and had a large, well-lighted operating-room. But September 1 will see yet another removal. A great house in Lafayette avenue has been hired and entirely refitted after the best plans of hospital construction and equipment. Here, it is believed, Dr. Randall's institution can make its home for some years, until sufficient funds shall have been acquired to build a fine new building.

In the operating-room Dr. Randall works with the men, and uses the knife with all the skill of a man. To a Sunday Journal reporter she said that there was not an operation known to surgery that had not been performed at Riverside Hospital. Out of nearly 200 cases at the hospital, only one resulted fatally, and that was in extremis from appendicitis.

One woman came to the hospital suffering from cancer. It was removed and, two weeks later, she was in condition to go to her home, several hundred miles away. Two women and many men have been most successfully treated for appendicitis. Tumors, cyst and other dangerous growths have been removed by operation.

The operating room is a dainty place, con-

siderably unlike the rooms usually found in a hospital. Dr. Randall, with womanly aversion to all that is rough, has the greatest care taken in this room. Possibly her presence at the operation makes the men more gentle, and for that reason the operations are more successful.

Dr. Randall believes that surroundings are paramount. She declares that well-being as many hospital surgery cases have resulted fatally from environment and lack of attention and delicacy, as from the knife, anesthetics and disease combined. She makes it a point that all the gruesome details of surgical work shall be kept out of the patient's view. The operating room does not suggest a shambles or even a clinic. It is just a big, wholesome, sunlit room where Dr. Randall and her assistants work, deftly, noiselessly, cheerfully.

But when it comes time to cut—cut to the bone, with quick, strong, undimmed strokes to wield the cruel-looking saws—no matter what step in the stern work of surgery it be, Dr. Lillian Craig Randall does it with the steady nerve and the imperturbability of a grizzled old army surgeon.



IN THE DISSECTING ROOM WITH THE WOMAN SURGEON AND HER STAFF.

No man surgeon ever held a scalpel in a steadier or more skilful hand. She hurries to heal. She is doing something for her race, something for her sex, something for the science, in the service of which she has enlisted, and which she dignifies and beautifies in the practice of it.

She's very much "the kind of woman to have," and her hospital is the hospital of the future.

## SPONGES ARE RISING. The Cuban War Drew the Fishermen Into the Navy and Curtailed the Supply.

One effect of the war in Cuba has been to diminish the export of Cuban sponges by fully one-half. The Cuban sponge fishermen get a license to fish in Cuban waters only upon condition that they shall serve in the navy if required; and so many have been called upon for this service that the harvest of sponges has been materially reduced.

Cuba furnishes less than a third of the sponges used abroad, but the curtailment of that supply helps to put up prices that have been advancing for years. The supply of sponges comes from Florida, Cuba, Nassau, Mexico, and the Mediterranean. Ordinarily about two-thirds of the supply, in value, comes from American waters.

The demand for sponges has increased naturally, while the world's supply has not kept pace with it. It has within recent years actually diminished, owing to careless methods of fishing and to over-fishing to supply the increased demand.

The sponge is of slow growth; it takes two or three years for it to attain a commercial size. In all countries in whose waters sponges grow there are laws against the pulling of little sponges until they have reached a certain growth, just as there are laws against the taking of lobsters and of some fishes under specified sizes.

## A BALLOON ADVENTURE.

Two Luckless Aeronauts Blown from Paris to Norway in Fourteen Hours.

One of the most remarkable balloon adventures on record occurred in the Franco-German war.

The occupants of this balloon were Paul Reller, an engineer of the army, and L. Dechamps, an officer of Franco-Tireurs. They ascended from Paris on the night of November 24, 1870, with dispatches from General Vaurien for the commander of the Army of the Loire; in addition they carried 500 pounds of mail, six sacks of ballast and six carrier pigeons. The wind blew from the southeast, and all was well until 6 o'clock the next morning, when the balloonists found themselves out of sight of land, with nothing but the ocean under them. Dechamps collapsed, while Reller remained cool under the critical situation in which they found themselves.

About 11 in the forenoon a ship was sighted, and in the hope of being discovered and rescued by it, the balloon was lowered to within a few yards of the surface of the water. The ship suddenly altered its course, and the aeronauts were compelled by throwing out all of their ballast and one sack of mail. Finding themselves in an altitude of over 2,300 yards, and in an atmosphere of almost unbearable frigidity, they lost all hope and determined to end their sufferings by setting fire to the balloon. Fortunately the matches in their possession would not ignite, on account of the frost which covered their clothing and everything else in their surroundings.

About 2:30 in the afternoon a mountain top became visible. When near it the aeronauts succeeded in lowering the balloon; the boat caught in the top of a tree, Reller promptly disembarked, but Dechamps became fastened in the rope attached to the anchor; in a moment he was suspended in the air by his feet, the bal-



## CRIME MAKES ITS OWN ODOR.

Dr. M. F. Richards Writes of a Strange Physical Trait in Criminals.

Peculiar and interesting is the latest scientific theory that a peculiar odor is exhaled from the skin of criminals. It is a strange, pungent odor, much the same as may be noticed when a person is near the cage of a Bengal tiger.

Dr. M. F. Richards, of Toledo, O., who has made a careful study of this remarkable phase of criminology, declares that this is nothing more than the embodiment of the criminal trait. He says that the body is made up of various chemicals, which are affected according to the moral life of a human being. The mind acts upon the body, he says, changing these chemicals, so that the changes become manifest in various ways. Sometimes it is the features and sometimes the actions of a man which become noticeably peculiar. In the criminal it is the aroma, which no amount of cleansing can destroy. Dr. Richards explains his idea in the following statement to the Sunday Journal:

It has been asked if I can give a scientific explanation as to the cause of the odor peculiar to the criminal class, and observable in our penitentiaries. I am certain that I can, and will give ideas on the subject.

In making a study of this subject, I have

visited the largest penitentiaries in the country. This odor, I have found, is noticeable, and has always been an unexplained matter to prison keepers. One guard, a friend of mine, in the State Penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo., was the first to give a distinct character to this aroma, writing me in the early days of my investigation that he had found "a peculiar odor to come from the prisoners, especially when standing to the windward of them, similar to that emanating from a Bengal tiger."

This same odor, I have also noticed, comes from the patients in the insane wards, but has here more resemblance to burned hair. Any idea that such odors might arise from uncleanness will be dispelled when it is understood that the cells are kept clean and the convicts compelled to wash every day; and yet, the cleaner they are, the more offensive they seem.

It seems to me that the explanation of the cause of these odors is to be found in the laws of chemistry, or, to put it more definitely, they will be found due to a chemical action produced by the mind states of the individuals. I think it quite universally conceded that the mind rules the body, at least is constituted to do so. This being so, a peculiar mind state constituting for a considerable length of time would eventually give some manifestation in the physical being.

But this same manifestation may occur in any number of ways. Continued anxiety leaves a peculiar expression of the features, and you say that person looks worried. You see the lines of care and apprehension. I have seen it stated that the sweat of a person in intense anger is acrid and poisonous, while that of one overflowing with benevolent feelings is mild, bland and non-poisonous. A person in extreme anger generates a poisonous element in his system from which he himself will suffer for some time afterward.

Sometimes dire results happen from this, and even death. Fear, worry, anxiety and inharmonious in business and domestic life will so poison the blood of some people as to produce tumors and cancers.

There is no end of cases on record to show that this is a fact, and not merely a

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Some persons under conditions of excitement and worry will get sick headaches, and may be derangement of the digestion. The odor from a professed libertine is most foul. Fear has turned the hair gray. Dark hair will turn gray soonest, and black-haired people are apt to become melancholic, or to get the "blues," as it is frequently called.

Fear and despair have killed thousands. Sheer laziness has put many a person in the grave, where a taking hold of themselves by the power of the will and forcing themselves to greater activity would have cured them.

On the other hand, over activity, which is simply a reverse state, has killed many. Some people have gotten into the condition where they have found it almost if not quite impossible to stop thinking and the activities of their bodies, long enough to obtain needed rest. Insanity or death would, of course, follow.

Love of approbation, emulation and praise cause a wonderful amount of misery, sin, sickness and death. Witness the results to the devotees in both sexes of the goddess fashion.

Every physician knows the odor peculiar to fever patients. A night of wild delirium, where the appetites and passions have held sway, leaves an imprint on the features. Genuine devotion to the spiritual and religious, with a yearning desire to help mankind (as in the man Schlatter), will leave an expression on the face which is in glaring contrast to any one who leads a life of sensuality.

Active benevolence gives a soft, kindly expression, while active pride and love of authority give the opposite. Absolute despair and self-condemnation will show in the tone of the voice, and, if continued, will make the person insane.

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On the other hand, over activity, which is simply a reverse state, has killed many. Some people have gotten into the condition where they have found it almost if not quite impossible to stop thinking and the activities of their bodies, long enough to obtain needed rest. Insanity or death would, of course, follow.

Love of approbation, emulation and praise cause a wonderful amount of misery, sin, sickness and death. Witness the results to the devotees in both sexes of the goddess fashion.

Every physician knows the odor peculiar to fever patients. A night of wild delirium, where the appetites and passions have held sway, leaves an imprint on the features. Genuine devotion to the spiritual and religious, with a yearning desire to help mankind (as in the man Schlatter), will leave an expression on the face which is in glaring contrast to any one who leads a life of sensuality.

Active benevolence gives a soft, kindly expression, while active pride and love of authority give the opposite. Absolute despair and self-condemnation will show in the tone of the voice, and, if continued, will make the person insane.

All these things, and many more that

theory. I recall the case of a lady having a hard cancer in the abdomen. Her history was one of hard work, anxiety and lack of harmony in her domestic life on account of a drunken husband. I know of another similar case with like history. Both of these ladies died.

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